CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 • No. 13 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER 24, 1937 5 CENTS

John L. Nye Loses His Job As Assistant Postmaster; Friends Will File Protest

DEMOTION FOLLOWS CHARGES PREFERRED BY MRS. CATOR WHO HAS RECOMMENDED SUCCESSOR

After service of more than eight years as an employe of the Carmel post office and for the past seven years as assistant postmaster, John L. Nye has been demoted from his position as assistant postmaster to that of clerk, with a consequent reduction in salary from $2400 a year to $2100.

As a result of the action of the post office department, said to have followed charges made by Irene Cator, postmaster, Nye's friends are making vigorous protest and THE CYMBAL has been informed by persons who desire that their names not be revealed at this time that petitions will be circulated about the city asking that he be re-instated.

Beyond admitting that Nye has been demoted and that she has already recommended his successor for appointment by the post office department, Mrs. Cator declines to make a statement at the present time.

It is understood, however, that the basis of the charges against Nye are that he has failed to work in harmony with Mrs. Cator since she became postmaster four years ago. Nye was a candidate for the position when the Democratic administration took over the national government. He had been assistant to W. L. Overstreet who had been appointed under the Hoover administration.

Nye began his service in the Carmel post office on April 15, 1929, and was made assistant postmaster on October 15, 1930.

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SAYS THE EDITOR

THIS LITTLE GREEN PACKET OF ROWNTREE MATCHES

Occasionally these days, as we light a cigarette, we find in our hand a little green packet of matches on which it is written: "All kinds of Insurance except Life—Bernard Rowntree," and we haven't yet been able to determine whether the cigarette given life, as it were, by means of that packet, tastes better, or worse, or if there is no change in it at all.

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"ELEPHANT BOY" SETS RECORD TO MAKE CARMEL PROUD

Speaking of Dick Bare—and what with the suite of offices his Security Pictures Corporation has in the El Paseo building you can't speak TO him unless you hand in your card and wait awhile—speaking OF Dick Bare, as we said, we are reminded that a few days ago he implied that perhaps and maybe he would bring the film "Elephant Boy" back to his Filmarte Theater. With our pencil and paper we discover that "Elephant Boy" played at the Filmarte within the past two months for 14 evenings and six matinees. Counting twice for each evening we get 28 night shows and six matinees, or a total of 34 shows.

That's considerably something! Our personal knowledge of theater history in Carmel leads us to make the unqualified statement that such a thing has never happened before. That's a record and a record that will probably stand for a long, long time.

And it's a record for taste and appreciation.

If we remember correctly, and we are sure we do, there are no triangle romances in "Elephant Boy," there are no glorified American Girls, there are no side-splitting drunk scenes and, in fact, there isn't a female in the whole reel unless she be in one of the crowd scenes in the very beginning.

"Elephant Boy" played one night in Salinas!

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OUR CITY ATTORNEYS TURN THEMSELVES INTO AN ELEEMOSYNARY INSTITUTION

And while we were dabbling with figures it occurred to us to find out how much our three city attorneys (no, it's five—we notice on the letterhead of the firm the names of W. G. Hudson, Carmel Martin, Peter J. Ferrante, Webster Street and William L. Hudson) received from the treasury of the city of Carmel for the month of August. To be exact, how much did they receive for the days they worked in August? They were appointed city attorneys by action of the council on August 18, but they couldn't have gotten to work before the morning of the 19th. Taking out two Sundays and two half-Saturdays the number of days worked by the five lawyers for Carmel couldn't have been more than 10, ending with August 31.

How much did they get for the 10 days?

Demand No. 9049, on file in the city clerk's office, shows that they received $25 for August. That's not so much—$25 for 10 days' work—and if you figure it out it comes about quite neatly to $75 for a month's work, just as Mayor Smith promised it would be.

But look what W. G. Hudson,

(Continued on Page Two)

SAIDEE SIGNS DISPUTED BILL OF $250 FOR SHAFF BROS.

Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, has signed and dispatched to Shaff Brothers the disputed warrant for $250.

She acted on the advice of her personal attorney and after there had been read at the city council meeting an opinion from Hudson, Martin & Ferrante, the city attorneys, that it was "incumbent upon the city clerk" to sign it.

The opinion from the attorneys, signed by Billy Hudson, said:

"It is our opinion that it is within the power of the City Council to obligate the city to pay for accounting services rendered to the city, its officers or agents, and for the installation of an accounting system.

"We further are of the opinion that the obligation on the part of the city having been legally incurred, that when the demand was duly audited and allowed by a majority of the councilmen at a properly held meeting and a warrant drawn by the

(Continued on Page Four)

WAS IT YOU? Number Four

(Editor's note—One of these paragraphs will appear each week in THE CYMBAL *from now on until we get weary, or you do, or our dollars get too slack.)*

You were sort of skipping along Dolores street yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, just about a jump ahead of three of four women, one of whom was your mother, we think. You were a rather young girl with blond hair and had on a yellow knit blouse and a red bandanna tied around your neck. And you had on navy blue pants with white lacings up the side. Just as you came past the Western Union office you jumped up and tried to bat the awning. You didn't quite make it but your mother said "Don't do that." You answered her saying "I didn't do anything," which was true, but we hope you weren't being impolite. Oh yes, and you were carrying a package and so were all the others in the group and you headed south on Dolores and we lost you at the corner of Seventh street.

If you were this girl, bring this paper into THE CYMBAL *office and we'll give you a dollar bill.*

The young man we described last week didn't come in after his dollar. We'll have to make a rule, and we think it's fair, that the victims have to present themselves before the next week's paper is out.

MERIT SYSTEM LAW MEETING TO BE HELD THURSDAY

A mass meeting of citizens backing the proposed merit-system initiative ordinance for Carmel will be held in the small auditorium of Sunset School next Thursday evening.

At this time a draft of the proposed ordinance will be read and discussed and if it is satisfactory to those present, plans will be made for circulating petitions to the council for its adoption as a municipal law.

Although the League of Women Voters of Monterey County will take no official part in the proposal for such a law in Carmel, it was discussed at a meeting of the league this week and it is expected that some of the Carmel members of the organization will be present at the Thursday evening meeting. It is also said that the findings of the league in the matter of merit systems in government will be presented to the gathering by one of the Carmel members of the league.

Since the publication of an intention to circulate petitions for the recall of Mayor Everett Smith and Councilmen Bernard Rowntree and Joseph Burge, and the subsequent and, perhaps, temporary substitution of the merit-system ordinance proposal, there has been much discussion in the city as to which is the best method to pursue. Also since the new move was started there have been events in the city council which have prompted some of those who were lukewarm on the recall proposal to swing around to this more drastic method of getting relief.

However, the meeting Thursday night will be devoted to a discussion of the merit-system ordinance, and it is expected that the work of getting the required number of signatures on petitions to initiate this ordinance will be started the following day which marks the end of the required 21 days between the filing of intentions and the acquiring of signatures.

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Joe Burge Married In Carson City

Councilman Joseph A. Burge and Janette R. Carpenter of Alameda were married in Carson City, Nevada, on Monday of this week.

The councilman has been scurrying back and forth between Carmel and "Tahoe" at what might be called "often intervals" for the past two months or more and there have been current on Ocean avenue reports that he planned to wed again.

BILL COMES IN FOR BOOKS IN SHAFF'S NEW CITY SYSTEM

City Clerk Saidee Van Brower has received the bill from the Peninsula Typewriter Exchange for the books ordered by Shaff Brothers on the authority of the city council of Carmel.

It's a nice bill—totalling $153.21, including the sales tax—and it is itemized as follows:

100 Court cash receipt sheets, complete with binder.....$29.10
100 Record of cash receipt sheets, complete with binder.....31.60
250 Warrant Register sheets, complete with binder.....42.60
200 City Clerk cash receipt sheets, complete with binder....22.85
150 General Ledger sheets, complete with binder and index..12.65
100 General Journal sheets, complete with binder.....9.95
California Sales Tax.....4.46
Total $153.21

So far, so good. But—there are two funny angles to it.

In the first place, only two of these books have been delivered: the Court Cash Receipt Sheets to Judge George Ross, and the 100 Record of Cash Receipt Sheets to Building Inspector B. W. Adams.

The other four items, with their total of $88.05, not including the tax, are not at the present time in the possession of the city. They were delivered to Miss Van Brower—or at least, she thinks these are the ones delivered to her—and then taken away again by the Shaff Brothers.

In the second place, and this is

(Continued on Page Nine)

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Marjorie Legge (Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann) will be presented in a piano recital by the Monterey Peninsula Art Club next Tuesday evening in the Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova street between Eighth and Ninth streets. Tickets for the recital, which should be obtained early if you care to hear this gifted artist, are on sale at Staniford's drug store in Carmel. Miss Legge will play Tuesday evening Italian Concerto (Bach), Gigue (Scarlatti), The Fountain (Ravel), Two Intermezzi (Brahms) and Fantasie (Schumann).

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COUNCIL DOES SOMETHING IN AUDIT TANGLE

Well, children, the city council has got around to do something about the audit.

True, it's rather a dubious something, but it's down in black and white and it is entitled "Resolution No. 682."

It was adopted by a vote of four members of the council Wednesday night, Councilman Thoburn being absent.

It reads like this:

"Be it resolved by the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea that:

"The legal firm of Hudson, Martin & Ferrante be, and they hereby are (*that must be Oxford grammar, Billy; Harvard would say 'it hereby is'*), authorized to meet with the various interested parties and attempt to bring about settlement of the amounts, if any, which Miss Saidee Van Brower (*that Saidee has always puzzled us—she says she was baptized 'Sarah,' but some silly old uncle kept calling her 'Say-dee' and somehow it stuck. Now she says it's Hindu*), City Clerk, is indebted to the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea as a result of her failure to in-

(Continued on Page Four)

Carmel Martin, Peter J. Ferrante, Webster Street and William L. Hudson did for that $25. You will never believe it.

The demand reads as follows:

"Completed legal services in the following matters:

"Opinion given to B. W. Adams, building inspector, in re interpretation of zoning ordinance.

"Drafting tax ordinance.

"Resolution accepting Forest Hill School deed.

"For uncompleted services in the following matters:

"Validity of proposed closing of Seventh avenue near Forest Theater.

"Interpretation of liquor ordinance.

"Total—$25.00."

Now, all we have to say is that that bill either shows a sickeningly high degree of cooperation or else it is a museum piece for the California State Bar Association.

—W. K. B.

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If I Were Mayor:

I would stop children selling newspapers in front of the Post Office, so that Carmelites would have a chance to get in. The amount of children occupying their time in that trade is mounting rapidly. I know the poor dears are working their way through college, but a joke is a joke.

I would have the streets cleaned oftener, and especially on Monday after the beloved tourists have deposited their chewing gum, papers and bottles. In this way I would be catering to the desires of Carmel people who, after all, are the taxpayers.

I would give orders to my police department to turn off all radios left going in automobiles parked along the curbs while the drivers are attending to business elsewhere, or enjoying their lunches, while we poor devils have to suffer the blaring noise of the radios.

But, most important of all, I would NOT OPEN UP JUNIPERO STREET for the sake of the school children. Instead of that I would make a detour off San Carlos from 8:30 a.m. till 9 a.m. and school ending time until half an hour later. The detour could go over Dolores street easily and nobody would be any the worse for it. It would save taxpayers a lot of money and we would have one less paved street in the future.

Instead of putting up ugly, regulation parking signs in the business district, I would have Phil Nesbitt design some attractive ones such as he did for the street designations.

—Tilly Polak

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STEINBECKS GET OUT FROM UNDER LEGIONNAIRES

Scurrying like frightened rabbits to get out from under the tramping feet of thousands of American Legionnaires, John and Carol Steinbeck arrived at their home in Los Gatos last week-end. Homesick before their trip was half over, we can imagine John in his blue sailor pants sprawled out on the floor of the porch telling "Toby-dog" all about it and Carol running around seeing if the hot water heater and the Frigidaire are still working. Peninsula friends will expect to see them around about as soon as they get their respective breaths.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Tarpey and their daughter, Hope, are entertaining Mrs. Arthur Tarpey, Jr., and her daughter, Pamela, of San Francisco at their home here, the Colonel Watson place on Torres.

Now, Again, We Ask You—

COST OF THE AUDIT (Amended)

Paid to Shaff Brothers up to June 1	$2,812.50
Paid to Shaff Brothers in June as "Balance Due"	525.00
Paid to Shaff Brothers July 7 for "Accounting System"	250.00
Claim of Shaff Brothers for "Accounting System"	125.00
Claim of Shaff Brothers (yet to come)	200.00
Bill for Books from Peninsula Typewriter Exchange	153.21

COST OF LEGAL OPINIONS ON AUDIT

Paid to Judge George Ross in May	25.00
Paid to Judge George Ross in August	50.00
Claim of Shaff Brothers for "explaining audit"	125.00
Total	$4,265.71

We weren't so far wrong in our estimate of the bill that would come in for the books. Instead of $150 as we said last week, it's $148.75 plus the sales tax or $153.21.

Then, in our amended table of costs, we have included legal opinions which the city council apparently thought necessary. Certainly that should go in on the cost of the audit. If you pay for something and then pay for interpreting it, the sum total of the payments should be charged to the thing itself. If you hadn't got the thing, you wouldn't have to understand it.

So, in the above table, we have deducted from one of the claims of the Shaff Brothers, the one that is now being held up by the city clerk, the sum of $125 which is understood to be for five-days' work in providing Judge Ross with information about the audit so that he could render an intelligent opinion about it, and enter it under "cost of opinions." We can't understand why this required five days, but apparently it did.

Then, we include $25 paid to Judge Ross for an opinion on the audit way back in May. He received $50 for "special services" in this month, but Councilman Bernard Rowntree has explained that half of this was for some sort of an opinion about the firehouse or the firemen or something. The fact that this was during a period when Argyll Campbell was city attorney makes it rather peculiar, but the whole thing is peculiar.

Then, we include $50 for Judge Ross for a legal opinion on the audit last month. Judge Ross got $75 for his legal services at this time (also while Argyll Campbell was still city attorney), but it is understood that part of this fee was for an opinion about the Red Cross ambulance being operated out of town by Carmel firemen.

So, instead of the audit costing to date $4,187.50, as we said last week, it has cost, or will cost if the Shaff Brothers get all the money they lay claim to, the sum total of $4,265.71, including legal opinions on it.

Is this all? The chances are that it is far from all. To the best of our knowledge and belief, relying on the ability of our ears to hear whispers around the council table, the firm of Hudson, Martin and Ferrante are going to be shoving in some claims for opinions on the audit. If we are not mistaken, Councilman Burge, at the meeting of the council last week, murmured something about wanting another audit opinion.

Now, we ask you—

Ashes of Dr. Vernon Kellogg Interred at Monterey as Old Friends Officiate

Five of the closest friends of Dr. Vernon Lyman Kellogg participated last Saturday in the ceremony of the interment of his ashes in Monterey. They were Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Frederick R. Bechdolt, Herbert Heron, Prof. Harold Heath and Dr. Charles Gardner. Dr. Kellogg, who died in Hartford, Conn., had expressed the wish that his ashes might rest finally on the Monterey Peninsula which he loved so well and where he lived for several years, and so Mrs. Kellogg and their daughter, Jean, brought them here for the ceremony Saturday.

Dr. Kellogg was a great American although those things which made him great as a man and as a contributor to the beauty of life and the welfare of his fellowmen were not the sensational things.

He was a scientist renowned among scientists. For a quarter of a century he taught at Stanford University and became head of the department of entomology. During the world war he directed relief work in Brussels and was later secretary of the National Research Council and a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation. He wrote many books of note .

Through his "Headquarters Nights" (1917), "The Food Problem" (1917), "Fighting Starvation in Belgium" (1918), "Germany in the War and After" (1919), "Herbert Hoover, the Man and his Work" (1920), he sprang into prominence as one of the effective political writers of the war period, while his administration of relief in Belgium (1915-16) and in Poland and Russia (1918-21) brought him recognition from France, Belgium and Poland. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in France, Commander of the Order of the Crown in Belgium, Commander of the Order of Polonia Restituta in Poland, Commander of the Order of Leopold I in Belgium, and Recipient of the National Gold Medal in Poland.

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Mr. and Mrs. Richard Seares (née Helen O'Leary) will return to Carmel and their new home next week. The wedding took place last Friday at Paradise Valley at the home of the groom's mother, Mrs. Vera Wheelon. Mrs. Seares is the daughter of Mrs. Daniel M. O'Leary of Stockton.

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Florence Harper, of San Francisco, has been the guest of Mrs. M. McCreavy at her home here.

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Bob Bissel
Masseur

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Menu at Sunset Next Week

Menu for week, Sept. 27-Oct. 1

MONDAY

Soup—Tomato Bouillon.
Salad—Pear.
Hot Dish—Chipped Beef, Noodles.
Vegetable—Peas.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Noodle.
Salad—Fruit.
Hot Dish—Vegetable Stew.
Vegetable—Spinach.
Dessert—Jello, Cookies.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Cream of Spinach.
Salad—Pineapple and Carrot.
Hot Dish—Tamale Pie.
Vegetable—Buttered Beets.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

THURSDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Tomato.
Hot Dish—Spaghetti with cheese.
Vegetable—String Beans.
Dessert—Pineapple Tapioca.

FRIDAY

Soup—Split Pea.
Salad—Apple and Raisin.
Hot Dish—Souffle.
Vegetable—Carrots.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

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Honeymooning at Highlands Studio are Mr. and Mrs. Don Monroe, guests of Mrs. Millicent Sears.

Constance Yates and her three children, Barbara, Henrietta and Ted, have left the Peninsula to make their home in Altadena where Mrs. Yates will open a piano studio.

Barbara will take a secretarial position and Henrietta and Ted will enter schools in the south.

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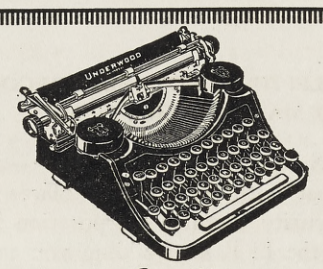

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To the Honorable Board of Supervisors,
of Carmel-By-The-Sea:

I recently had the pleasure of visiting your quaint City and will state that of all the Towns and Cities from Coast to Coast I have never seen a Traffic button (or what you may call them in your town) in the center of a one-way street, as you have at Ocean and some cross street near the Post Office. It is against traffic rules to straddle said button and there is hardly room to pass on either side when there are cars stopped or parked there.

Had I a crowbat or pickaxe I might have been tempted to have dug the "damphool" thing up by its roots. I expect to visit your City within a few months and I hope I will be better prepared to uproot same damnable nuisance and waste of tax money to install.

If you have a Street Supt. please call his attention of those obnoxious buttons and save them for some useful and lawful location.

Yours very truly
T. L. MANNERING

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ALBERTSON NOW BUILDING TEHACHAPI ROAD

The Albertsons have gone from among us—have been gone for some weeks, in fact, unbeknownst to most of us. They have established their home in Bakersfield while W. B. Albertson is building another road.

To be exact, Albertson is rebuilding a road—the Tehachapi Road, which runs from Bakersfield to Barstow. He is rebuilding about 18 miles in the center of it. As superintendent of construction he has 150 men under him, 75 "free" men and the entire camp of 75 convicts which have been moved from the San Simeon camp below the Big Sur.

Mrs. Albertson (Frances King) was in Carmel over the last week-end changing her CYMBAL subscription address for one thing.

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETS NEXT TUESDAY

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet next Tuesday afternoon at Carmel Community Church on Lincoln street and hear from Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, wife of the pastor, and Miss Flora Gifford reports on the Missionary Educational Movement conference at Asilomar. It is announced that the year's study by the society will be "The Moslem World" and "Rebuilding Rural America."

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BONNEY PROVES COCKBURNS ARE BACK FROM SCOTLAND

The James L. Cockburns are back from their trip to Scotland. If you don't believe it, just get a glimpse of Bonney Cockburn, their daughter-in-law. She appeared on Ocean avenue Wednesday morning garbed in—among other necessary things—a sweet Tam O' Shanter and a lovely plaid skirt. We were feeling like the Stag at Eve when we saw her, but to us she did look like the Lady of the Lake.

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Mrs. Norman Miller of Laguna Beach was in town for a few days over the last week-end, visiting her father, Doc Staniford, and her brother, William. Mrs. Miller to us oldsters is Harriet Staniford and it has been five years since she left Carmel for love and a change of domicile. She says we've changed but, drat it, who doesn't?

THE CYMBAL'S ROVING REPORTER

We came across a Person of Ancient Lineage down below Father Serra's Mission, where the implacably opposed rhythms of highway and river momentarily meet. Austerely he lay by the roadside, all that remained of him, proud and inviolate. He was an elder nobleman from the "vast world of the six-footed," of the Order of Odonata. Shortly ago he had come to rest here on the highway, near to the cupped river-shallows which had yielded him many succulent mouthfuls of midge and mosquito. Death had not shorn him of dignity nor slackened the exultant stretch of his veined blue wings.

Cupidity and reverence simultaneously assailed our own less noble nervous system. Those four outspread wings, that slim blue body, the admirable large head from which protruded the lenses of his magnificent eyes—we could not forego possession of this illustrious cadaver. No more could we bear to leave it for desecration by the next cigarette stub hurled from a passing car.

We gathered him up ever so carefully. We walked just ahead to one of those undainty ever-springing spots where motorists ship their ballast of empty bottles, cans, and sandwich-boxes. There we selected a cardboard container faintly smelling of the edible bean yet in a measure sun-cleaned. We stood upon a road over which skid innumerable Joneses and Smiths and thrust within this unhallowed culinary crypt all that was left of a great blue dragonfly, an aristocrat if ever there was one.

A dragonfly whose family was well established 210 million years ago; who, with his cousin the damsel-fly, already rated among the best people when the dinosaur was flapping a hefty tail over the face of the earth; whose ancestry strikes back to the high and special Order of Palaeodictyoptera. Is this not a name to bend the knee and bow the head? A name to outshine all our van Whatses and de Whoses as the sun the moon?

A blue-blood indeed. Does he not move his wings by a method exclusively his own? Can not his superb eyes see in all directions while he remains lordly and unmoved? Are not *all* his noble legs nearer the head than the wings? Can he not stop like an airplane pinned in the sky and turn upon us the many thousand facets of those miraculous eyes? Does he not carry ocular spares—a few simple eyes, just in case? Is he not misnamed "the devil's darning needle" by ignorant man who fearfully views the precision of his darting flight?

Proud he is but not without humor. Drolly the infant drangonfly fools the infant mosquito. First he folds a lugubriously long lower lip across the front of his face until he looks like an innocent clown, whereat presumably the baby mosquito crows with mirth; then he releases the lip to shoot forward with the deadly snap of a steel spring and scoops up the foolish wriggler.

Like us two-footed ones, Sir Dragonfly has relatives whose tastes do not always accord with his own. There are other chips off the old net-winged block. Palaeodictyoptera though he is, prying savants point out that his country cousin is the lowly grasshopper, who is always trying to hop into high places. He is kin to that unwelcome scullery-maid, the scampering cockroach. Also that deadly bore, the termite; and "true bugs," which sound bad though we don't know what they are; and such innocuous and prettily-named persons as the leafhoppers, the cicadas, and their relatives.

Alas, our tiny roadside Rameses is "with incomplete metamorphosis."

Well, you can't have everything, not even in the Order of Odonata.

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It was a little boy whose head might reach his Dad's coat-pocket. Dressed in a sailor-suit like an illustrator's cut. Tow-headed, wide-eyed; round flushed cheeks. A very make-believe little boy . . . Crying, of all things, crying! The kind of little boy who you knew would never cry . . . Ten feet ahead, a round fat puppy. Not dressed in a sailor-suit; but otherwise precisely the same sort of round little puppy as this was round little boy. Gallop, gallop, he went, the puppy. Tail slapping in rakish semicircles. Ears abandoned to the wind. From his vantage point now and then he looked behind and laughed.

"Please, Puppy! *Please,* Puppy!" little boy called, running on feet wobbly from tears.

It was uphill and hard going. Puppy had the game in the bag. He kept on laughing and loping, he kept on regaining at one effortless canine bound all the inches clambering little boy feet erased between them. When he had had enough he let himself be captured. Together they sat on the top step of the precipitous Snack flight, both smiling; little boy's arms clasped unforgettably.

"Were you *crying*?" teased someone's white-haired grandpa from the Snack doorway.

"Yes."

"Aren't you ashamed to cry?"

"No. Because my puppy was lost."

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Intent upon appointments and property (real), she tripped swiftly across Ocean avenue at Dolores and ran afoul of me returning from futile search for her associate.

"Oh," said I, "have you seen Bruce?"

She fixed upon me an amiable and vacant eye.

"Yes," she said, "it is—although a bit too warm for me."

—EDITH FRISBIE

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Ida Knight of Carmel and Mary Lou Miller and Theodora Gross of Monterey are joining forces for a trip to "our northern neighbors." The three girls sail from San Francisco next Tuesday on the *Canada*. They plan to be gone for three weeks and will visit with friends in Portland and Vancouver, B.C.

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In spite of the fact that we're approaching the second month with an *R* in it (September, October) the Health authorities still say "nix" to clams and mussels which are still dangerous all along the California coast except at San Francisco bay. Just ruining all of our pet sayings and being partial to boot. We will grouse a bit but we don't think we'll have any mussels, thank you just the same.

June Delight's
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Ballroom Classes Now Forming
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⁄
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San Miguel Will Mark Birthday This Sunday

For those of you who like to follow the trails of the old California Missions this may perhaps give you a hint for your Sunday excursion in the family car. San Miguel Mission will celebrate its 40th anniversary this Sunday, September 26.

The Mission San Miguel Archangel is the 16th of the California mission chain, and one of the few which retain the old frescoes painted by the Indians. Through private gifts and grants it has become one of the best preserved of the entire group.

The day will begin with solemn high mass in the chapel at 10 o'clock and will be followed with a barbecue luncheon served under the old cloisters.

San Miguel is on Highway 101 just 43 miles south of King City and nine miles north of Paso Robles.

+ + +

A group of congenial friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Lannestock last Saturday evening to celebrate the departure of Lannestock's latest manuscript to the publishers.

+

Dick and Jan Albee stopped in on the Peninsula over last week-end. They were on their way south as Dick has a week's vacation from his reporting job on the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

+

Miss H. H. Hatton is entertaining her niece, Mrs. Charles Cadigan, and her husband and daughter Marian Cadigan, at the Hatton Ranch in Carmel Valley. The Cadigans are from San Carlos.

+

Mr. and Mrs. L. Thomas have returned to Fresno after spending a month's vacation here.

Gene Ricketts Proves Mighty Hunter

Gene Hiawatha Ricketts, the mighty hunter!

He went to the John Belvail camp in Shasta county last Sunday.

(Correction) He started for the Belvail Camp last Sunday.

He didn't get there. He drove and drove and drove. He admits to about 26,000 miles, but he didn't get to the camp. He says he got within thirty miles of it, but he has no verification for this. He says he couldn't find the damned camp.

He says the north countree is a fine countree, the Redwoods are beautiful, the roads are smooth, the sun was shining—but, deer? He didn't see any deer. He says from all reports he did as well as those who did get to the camp. They haven't found any deer, either.

But Gene and Helen had a swell ride. They went about 26,000 miles.

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The *Carmel* Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly *net paid* circulation of THE CARMEL CYMBAL for the past six months:

March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760

The August average weekly net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *of 608 in the Carmel area (Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach) is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.*

Filmarte Offers "Thunder in The City"

Conservative England uprooted by the high-pressure tactics of an American "get-rich-quick" salesman, is the theme of "Thunder in the City" which plays tonight and Saturday at the Filmarte. Edward G. Robinson plays the lively role of the Yankee with cash and determination, and Luli Deste, beauteous European star, plays the English girl, haughty and interested.

The Peninsula premiere of Anna Sten's latest film, "Two Who Dared," is slated for Sunday and Monday at Dick Bare's picture house. La Sten portrays a Russian peasant girl, nursemaid to the child of one of the Russian Imperial Guardsmen, played by Henry Wilcoxon. False accusations and dramatic moments show off the German star at her best.

On the return engagement list for Carmel are two films which enjoyed great popularity during their previous runs here.

"Yellow Cruise," the pictorial record of the Third Citroen Central Asia Expedition, will play Tuesday and Wednesday, and the rollicking old Greek farce in modern guise, "Amphitryon," will appear Thursday only. "Amphitryon" is the story of the earthly amours of Jupiter when he takes a vacation from his heavy duties in heaven.

\+ + +

The John and Mitzi Marionette show for this week-end will include a reading of Chekhov's "The Swan Song" with puppets, and an uproarious bit of laughing and tooting to one of Margaret Lial's pet records.

COUNCIL DOES SOMETHING IN AUDIT TANGLE

(Continued from Page One)

clude taxable property within the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea on the tax roll and delinquent tax list of the said City;

"That any proposed settlement shall be subject to the approval of this Council and shall not be binding upon the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea until so approved."

The "to meet with the various interested parties" arouses our excitement. That means every taxpayer in the city of Carmel. We should have a mass meeting with the legal firm of Hudson, Martin & Ferrante.

As for Sarah Van Brower, she scoffs at the thing. To see the way she handles that resolution you wouldn't think it was worth the paper it is written on, especially if you count the cost of the beautiful Robin's egg blue backing it has.

"Pshaw, tommyrot and fizzle," says Sarah. "When you come right down to it, you'll find that any errors of mine won't mount up to $200, much less $2600."

But there's no doubt she's one of the "interested parties" along with the taxpayers.

And as for a statement of funds which must be withdrawn from the general fund and applied to various other funds, such as the poetical "Second Sewer," a statement filed with the council by Clayton Shaff last Wednesday night and all copies of which were carried away in Mayor Everett Smith's efficient pocket, the city clerk says:

"That's just faulty bookkeeping in the office of the tax collector. It has nothing to do with the office or books of the city clerk and assessor."

\+ + +

SAIDEE SIGNS DISPUTED BILL OF $250 FOR SHAFF BROS.

(Continued from Page One)

Mayor upon the City Treasurer for the same, it becomes incumbent upon the City Clerk to counter-sign the said warrant."

Following adjournment of the council, Clayton Shaff made a demand on Miss Van Brower for the warrant.

"When and if I sign it," she answered, "I will send it to you by registered mail."

And so she has.

But that may not be the whole of it, by any means. It is the opinion of many, and some who have passed their bar examinations, that the claim is NOT legal although the council authorized it. It is contended that the council's action in authorizing it was not legal. Any lone taxpayer, if he chooses so to do, may take steps to protect the taxpayers' money.

It was with the view of protecting the taxpayers' money in cases such as this that a group of citizens not so very long ago brought up the matter of a recall of the three councilmen who voted to pay the Shaff claim. Councilmen Thoburn and Kellogg voted against it.

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FIRE DISTRICT COMMITTEE WILL STUDY NEW LAW

With the naming of a committee of six, representing residential sections outside the city limits of Carmel, the plans for the formation of a fire district now await the receipt of the state law recently passed by the legislature providing for such districts.

Henry F. Dickinson has been named chairman of the committee and Dr. H. L. Tolfree secretary. Dickinson and Major Cooper Anderson are representatives from Carmel Point, Dr. Tolfree and Major William H. Landers from Hatton Fields, and Charles L. Berkey and a representative of the Del Monte Properties Company, yet to be named, from Carmel Woods.

It is also understood that La Loma Terrace, the Walker Tract and the Mission Tract are also interested in the move and will take part in the formation of the initial plans for the district.

Dickinson told THE CYMBAL Wednesday that on the receipt of the printed law from Sacramento a meeting of the committee would be called to study the new statute. He said that city officials would also be interviewed in regard to the necessary tie-up with the city on the plan.

The appointment of the committee of six followed a general meeting of interested citizens of the outlying districts with Carmel fire insurance brokers as told in THE CYMBAL last week. The property owners were assured by the insurance agents that the material drop in insurance rates which would follow the formation of such a district would meet the cost to the property owners of maintaining the district.

\+ + +

Council Protests Liquor License On Lincoln St.

On the request of the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Carmel Community Church, there will be spread upon the minutes of the city council that it, as a committee of the whole, framed a letter to the Board of Equalization protesting the granting of a liquor license to Sade Latham on Lincoln street.

Mr. Bodley's request was made at Wednesday night's meeting of the council following answer to his query if the council had taken any action on the church's appeal for a protest from the city's governing body read to the council on September 14. When he asked if the action had been taken, it was admitted by Councilman Clara Kellogg that it had, and the city clerk said she would furnish the church with a copy of the letter sent. Mr. Bodley then requested the council's action be spread on the minutes of the council and it was decided that this should be done.

The letter to the board of equalization is as follows:

"To the Honorable Board of Equalization
Sacramento, California.
"Gentlemen:

"The Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea wish to go on record as being strongly opposed to the granting of the liquor license to Sade Latham for the location on the West side of Lincoln avenue, between Ocean and Seventh Avenues, Carmel-by-the-Sea

"(Signed) Everett Smith, mayor; James H. Thoburn, Clara Kellogg, Bernard Rowntree, Joseph A. Burge, councilmen."

\+ + +

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BURNING BUCKET OF TAR NEAR PINE INN CAUSES FIRE CALL

Two long blasts from the fire house siren and clouds of black smoke brought all the habitues and sons of habitues out of hiding yesterday afternoon at about 3:30. Seems as how they are putting a coat of tar on the roof of Pine Inn. Seems as how the coat of tar putter-on-ers thought the tar barrel wasn't hot enough. Seems as how they got the fire underneath going better. Seems as how it got so hot the tar started to burn and smoke. We picked up the story in bits from every third person with a red necktie we met on the way up the street and back to the office.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

At the movie the other night seven words leapt suddenly across the screen and we thought of Mrs. Franklin. "She dared to live deeply, dangerously, desperately."

In these days such a statement is only an anachronism to be smiled at. The act that was worse than death for a woman of Mrs. Franklin's time is somewhat less highly regarded today: Mr. Sam Goldwyn to the contrary notwithstanding. Even his women have ceased to pay and pay. They get paid and paid. And asked to the best houses. So that when we think of really glamorous women—women whose lives were mysterious and dangerous and desperate—we certainly do not think of flat blonde Swedes nor of the petite Simones like ludicrous pouter pigeons. There comes first to mind the most glamorous woman we have ever known and how she has paid.

We heard our first titivating rumor about Mrs. Franklin the night Grandfather Goodwin sold our Old Place in the Mink Hills. After supper Grandfather drove over to Fernside and sat on the porch talking long and sadly with Mother. We were twelve or thereabouts and permitted to stay up. Our Grandfather was one of our idols and whatever he said made a deep impression. It was he and Doc Cole who ran the town of Henniker, New Hampshire, on a well-stocked supply of justice and mercy and castor oil. After he and Mother had finished reminiscing about the Old Place, he spoke of the new owner in such words as made us prick up our greedy ears.

"Well now, Agnes, it's hard to say what she's like. She's too citified for an old codger like me to tell much about her. She wears mighty fine clothes. An' she's got a couple of niggers up there on the old place—now if that don't seem funny! She—she ain't like any o' the women we know and folks around here won't take to her kindly, I'm fearing. Why in tarnation she ever bought the Old Place is more'n I can see. But I must say, I like her. An' she's going to be lonesome as Old Nick up there. I told her you'd come up an' call on her. There ain't many o' the women that will, I guess. But I knew you would."

That, of course, settled it. A few days later we hurried to finish the morning's work and pack a lunch. The Old Place is seven miles from Fernside and that was before we had an automobile. We hitched one of Kitty's colts into the buggy and started off to make a day of it. At noon, after climbing the tortuous hills for hours, we ate our lunch by the road and lingered over it until we could arrive at a polite time in mid-afternoon.

Perhaps it is necessary to explain that the Old Place in the Mink Hills was—and still is—incredible miles from anywhere. Until Mrs. Franklin bought it, it had been in our family since the Scotch-Irish settled in Londonderry in the middle of the seventeenth century. Our own cherished memories of it have no place in this story, but it is certainly safe to say that no negro had ever trod the earth there before Dora and Bosworth came. To be sure, our own feet, taken by themselves, could well have been mistaken for those of an authentic pickaninny by the end of any barefoot day on the farm in those wondrous childhood years. But a tidy little black business like Dora, capped and aproned, and twinkling her dark eyes at us, was as foreign and almost as frightening to us and our Mother as if we had been met at the door by a Giant Panda.

Back of Dora, standing in the middle of Grandmother's old sitting-room to greet us, was her mistress. A tall woman and regal. We shall never, in any detail, forget our first sight of Mrs. Franklin. The early Spring sun was just beginning to lower so that its long rays lay around the floor like a carpet for her. She was wearing a wine-colored velvet dress with lace at the throat and the train in a swirl at her feet was held in moving cascades by shafts of sunlight like attendant page boys. On her long fingers, as she extended cordial hands, her rings' high brilliance was such as a New Hampshire girl had never even dreamt. And, as if this were not enough to turn our country head, her voice when she spoke was more lustrous than the velvet and harder with beauty than the diamonds themselves. Hers will be, without doubt, the one perfect human speaking voice in our experience.

"I know who you are," she said right away, and with such eagerness as to put two very uncomfortable women at their ease. "You are Mr. Goodwin's daughter. And is this the little girl who was born in a March blizzard in my front room?"

Her pleasure in us was genuine and disarming and her laughter as lovely as her voice. "How nice of you to come at just this moment. I cannot seem to accustom myself to taking my glass of wine alone. Dora—two more glasses. And open a box of *marrons glaces*. We shall have a party to celebrate a mutual homecoming. Ah . . how nice . . how nice!"

Hour of enchantment! From where we sat, sipping fearfully at our first glass of wine—a rich port that exactly matched her gown—we could catch, as Dora passed in and out, glimpses of Grandmother's old kitchen, just as she had left it when she and Grandfather moved down to the village. The scrubbed pine table; the water dipper hanging by the homely old stove; the cistern in the corner where, since childhood, we had persistently seen the ghost of Rebekah and heard the voice of Abraham's servant outside the gates of Nahor saying, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

Under the heady inducement of the wine and the lady's voice, we were coaxed into talk of our young days on the Old Place, the while we marvelled at the fragile glass on the fine wrought tray; at the high nap of the rug that overlaid an ancient pine floor; at the delicacy of the lavendar slippers on her feet, at her fine handsome face—she must have been fifty then—and over and over us like sensuous wave on wave, the enthrallment of her voice.

Afterward, she showed us the house. In the room where we had been conceived and born in an old curled maple bed, stood a high canopied French couch, laid on with silk coverlets and white fur. An open closet door revealed, where Grandmother's best bonnet and bombazine had once held forth in solitary coventry, such marshalled wealth of color and fine textures as a girl in her teens bade fair to weep about.

But there was one room in the house she did not open for us. And, above all else, that closed room undertook a fascination on our bristling young imagination. Behind its door, we knew, lay the heart of her mystery.

* * *

You may say what you will about coincidence, but this is a true story and we must leave it at that. So it happened that a few years after our first meeting with Mrs. Franklin we were living in the garret of one of the old Murray Hill mansions on East Thirty-fifth street, ekeing out an exciting existence this way and that, when our landlady casually invited us to have a cup of tea in her drawing room one day. Over her mantlepiece, high and gorgeous as the lady herself, was a portrait of Mrs. Franklin.

To our eternal credit, we only stared.

"Striking picture, isn't it?" our landlady offered. "She was my best friend."

"She is . . . is she . . . dead?"

"Nobody knows. A few years ago she disappeared."

"Is it—the picture—very like her?"

"Nothing could do her justice. My dear, her fire! Her wit! And her voice—her voice! All New York was at her feet. She had them all—the men."

"She was . . . married?"

"Years ago, I believe. But no marriage could hold her. She was a woman for all men. Ah, you will never know, my child, her courage. Courage is not required of the free in your day. When I think of her, I think the great virtues are dead, or atrophied. Or just useless. I see," she sighed, "no great hearts like hers today. Surely, no great love like her last . . . "

"She loved . . . one man, then?"

But the question was indiscreet, and the topic suddenly abandoned. We could never get another word out of her. Once in a while, we slipped into the drawing room to dream and conjecture.

* * *

After that our own fortunes changed and it was some years before we saw Mrs. Franklin again. Now and then our Mother's letters would contain some reference to her. No, the women of our town didn't take to her. She tried to mingle with them, but they were jealous and suspicious. She would come into town driving her own spirited horses, with Bosworth rigid beside her and little Dora curled at her feet. Courteous and pleasant to the tradesmen, their wives shut thin lips against her. And, with a tall cane like a staff and Dora and her Borzoi at her heels, she made lonely pilgrimage of the village on her market days.

One night our Grandfather and the Doctor were summoned hastily to the Mink Hills. Behind the door of that closed room, an old man lay dead.

After that Mother's references to her were indeed saddening. First Bosworth had gone. Dora had a baby by one of the local boys and her mistress, weeping the one time we know of in her life, compelled her to go back to Harlem for the good of the child. The gardener who had made her little kitchen garden the marvel of our time got sadly onto the morning train one winter dawn. The Old Place was running down something awful. Poor dispirited old man Carnes went up to farm for her. People said she was living there with him. They said she was a drunk and a slut.

The first moment we had a chance, we took our Mother, this time in a monster of a car that stared down the ruts and rocks of the now almost abandoned Mink Hills Road with the arrogance of balloon tires, and went to see her.

If we had once been stirred to speechlessness by the sights we saw at the Old Place, we were now stirred beyond. On the front door rock a beakless and consumptive old hen cackled plaintively. The Borzoi lay ragged and whining in the sun. A load of wood had been dumped in front of the house, careless, unkempt. A mazed overgrowth of Jerusalem artichokes crowded the path.

When, after calling and calling her name, she finally came to the door, it was hard to muster our faces into everydayness. The remade and sullen old piece of velvet hung heedless on her, covered at top by a cheap gaping sweater. The places where her rings had been were calloused. Her once black hair, straying, soiled, white.

But if we had thought to be discomposed in face of this, we were wrong. The haughty, cordial, resonant voice; the unbent back; the beautiful, gracious condescension; all there. All fresh; all unconquerable.

"But how charming of you to come at just this time," she said. "I have never quite accustomed myself to having my glass of wine alone."

The wine was homemade blackberry, bitterly excellent. Thin slices of bread and butter. Excellent talk. In the afternoon gleam, we sat and spoke of the great world outside without nostalgia, as if she had but then stepped out, leaving the door of it ajar, to powder her nose. Her eagerness for our account of things showed only in the quickening of that ever-vibrant voice and as the hour passed, the mystery and glamour that were hers by right glowed steadily. In the pitifully worn surroundings, she sat encased and undisinherited within her birthright. And when she came to the door to bid us good afternoon and urge us to visit her more often, her wine-colored velvet swirled around her lavendar-slippered feet and the late sun caught the glitter of her diamonds to borrow his very light from them.

* * *

We never saw her at the Old Place again. It was sold for taxes soon after and Mrs. Franklin went on the town. A wealthy and crotchety sister died presently, leaving her fortune to charity, but taking the trouble to send her lawyer to our town to make dishonorable mention of the woman whose sins had found her out.

The last time we saw her, she was walking along a dusty country road toward the house where she had been put to board, and where, of course, they could not feed her dog. She still carried her tall staff, and her head, if a bit shaky, was high to the wind like a thoroughbred's. But if her head and feet were uncertan, her flawless voice had outridden the years.

She welcomed a drive, during which she spoke as few contemporaries of ours know how of world affairs and the worldly life. This time it was on the porch at Fernside that we partook of a glass of port. The wine had come to us in a diplomatic pouch during that period in American History when smuggling was our prime industry.

She lifted the glass and looked discerningly at the color; she inhaled once; she tasted. For a moment then we had a deep and terrible panic, for a slight convulsion ran through her body and she was very still. Was it that after all these years she would give way and we should discover at last that daring and desperation were not worth their affixed price?

Then: "Good," she said gravely. And smiling with her lovely condescension at us, "You did not know a good wine when I first met you—do you remember? A valuable lesson to have learned, my dear. A most valuable lesson."

Reaching down, she arranged the swirl of her wine-colored velvet with the marvelous grace of her hands that showed her rings to their best advantage.

—Lynda Sargent

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About Eating and Eaters

Bad news for the pork chop lovers. Prices are going up!

+

On the other hand a bright spot of the near future (tomorrow night to be exact) is the serving of *Smorgasbord* before dinner at the Old Cabin Inn. Mrs. Larson, who knows by right of birth and upbringing, all about Swedish cooking, has introduced this good old Swedish custom to Carmel and every few weeks spreads a *Smorgasbord* as is a *Smorgasbord!* Which means that a long table is decked, as they say in the fairy tales, with about twenty different dishes, from which you help yourself before settling down to the actual dinner. Among the tempting edibles are salads, Swedish meat balls, cheeses, dried, smoked and pickled fish and probably salmon and veal in aspic. It's a fine art, no doubt, but if you eat just the right amount of *Smorgasbord* you don't spoil your appetite—you enjoy your dinner all the more!

+

My idea of a good milk shake is one that you can eat with a spoon, nice and thick, and if it has lumps of ice cream in it so much the better. Furthermore, if you're interested in personal preferences (you will have to skip this column if you're not, I guess), my idea of a good soda fountain is one where there's a shelf for your feet to rest on. Those round stools are none too comfortable at best. Even if your legs don't dangle there should be something a bit off the floor to put your feet on and plenty of space for'rd besides! I had a swell chocolate milk shake the other day, creamy and thick and delicious, and I ate it at a counter like the one I've just described. Where? Why, the McDonald Dairy on San Carlos.

+

I was going to say some more about "Short Cut Cookery" but I hadn't stopped to look at the date of publication. Since getting the book home I have decided that in the progress of cooking as well as anything else much can happen in ten years! The author may have been delivering hot stuff for 1927 but it's not much of a revelation in 1937. In fact, I know a few short cuts she doesn't seem to have heard of. Our library has much better to offer and I'm going back for something more up to date.

+

In this matter of popcorn I feel that I can speak with a certain degree of authority. The present popcorn era in our family started three or four years ago when we got into the habit of having it for Sunday night supper. A big bowl of hot buttered popcorn, a glass of milk and anything in the way of fruit that happened to be on hand—these combined so perfectly with a good book and a comfortable chair that we just naturally kept on dedicating Sunday to "popcorn night." The Youngest Member of the family, instead of growing tired of it, showed an increasing fondness for popcorn as time went on. It seemed to him that there should be popcorn more than once a week. Anything as good as that! So then we added Wednesday to the popcorn schedule. You might think, after a dinner at the usual evening hour, a bowl of popcorn would be rather hearty to finish off with. But since coming to California the Youngest Member has acquired what you might reasonably call a hearty appetite! Practically no amount of dinner has yet been known to damp his ardor for popcorn on the proper night.

Time went on. And two popcorn nights weren't sufficient. The Youngest Member became uncannily adept at producing excuses for an extra popcorn night. "If I can't go to the movies with you, can't I have popcorn to console me?" The usual answer was: " 'Mayn't I,' not 'can't.' . . . Well . . . er . . . all right, just this time," a typical mixture of parental vigilance over the grammar and maternal susceptibility to pleading brown eyes! But finally it got to the point where a definite step seemed necessary. "No more special nights, no more arguing—we'll have popcorn Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. That's all!"

And that's how it stands now. As to popcorn per se, I've learned a few things. There are three kinds with a brand name—*Jolly Time, S. & W.,* and *Trupak*. Jolly Time comes in tin cans and is small-grained and delicate, without tough hulls. I don't know just why we prefer the other two, which are huge when popped, but we do. (As a matter of fact, I believe it is really because our popper developed a small hole in one corner and the tiny grains slip out before they pop. If you wonder why we don't mend the hole I can only ask—have you ever tried mending a wire-netting popper? It seemed simpler just to buy the kind of popcorn with the bigger grains!) In size Trupak and S. & W. are about equal, but the former has a more deliciously definite corn flavor. On the other hand, after trying both many times, I must admit that S. & W. is apt to be more uniform in quality, and sometimes it seems of a slightly more delicate texture. You can get Jolly Time in practically every grocery store in town and S. & W. in about half of them. I believe Trupak is limited to three places.

Great stuff, popcorn, but hard on the butter . . .

By the way, we popped corn on an off night last week. Just to celebrate Constitution Day!

+

I think we're very fortunate here in Carmel to have two such unusually excellent bakeries as the Dolores and the Carmel. I can remember the time (not here) when a good housewife would have considered it beneath her to buy anything in a bakery. Perish the thought! Once in a great while, in a real emergency, a loaf of bread might be reluctantly purchased and reluctantly eaten. Today, I don't believe you could possibly make better bread at home than you can buy—in fact, most of us couldn't make as good by a long shot . . . I know a Berkeley woman who always takes back with her after a visit here a loaf of that grand "mother's bread" from the Carmel Bakery. And if you like whole wheat bread, you might be interested in what a friend of mine does. She orders it at the Carmel Bakery made in a sandwich loaf, which she says slices more easily and lasts longer; it is deliciously moist and nutty in flavor . . . Don't think I'm through with this subject of bread. There's such a lot to it! I'll have some more to say another day.

+

Oh boy, did we have one grand Sunday night supper! Mr. Herold Brown (now there's an awfully nice man!) invited us to Forest Lodge to partake of their buffet-style meal. You may have seen the menu in last week's CYMBAL. It sounded good on paper but it didn't begin to do justice to all you get besides the food—the candles and flowers and beautifully set tables, with the gay colors in the dishes and the napkins and all the details of the table service so unusually fine and attractive! And even the wait before supper was a pleasure, the beautiful living room is so restfully simple and comfortable with draperies and pictures in the most delightful taste. And when Mr. Brown came smiling in to suggest that we might now be able to find something to eat in the dining room we laid aside our copies of *Esquire* and *Life* almost reluctantly.

The first sight of the long table whereon are set the big platters of food is a bit dazzling. You can't help wondering if you have got to choose—and all of them looking so tempting! And then you find that what you do is pick up one of the big round dinnerplates—in those gorgeous plain colors, terracotta, jade blue, green, maize, etc.—and starting at one end, help yourself to some of *everything!* You're pretty glad your plate is big, believe me, because you don't want to miss anything—crisp lettuce salad, wafer-thin slices of cold tongue, substantial cuts of a delicious meat loaf, thick luscious slices of giant tomatoes with mayonnaise close by, a swordfish gelatine mold, and ripe olives to fill the only space left—and not much of a space at that!

And when we had successfully loaded our plates we found a candle-lighted table and sat down to enjoy the feast. Coffee and hot crescent rolls followed us promptly, while butter balls and ice water were already waiting on the table. I particularly enjoyed the fish. Swordfish happens to be one of my favorite kinds, and there was a delicious sharp flavor to the gelatine which brought out all the goodness of it. I had forgotten the CYMBAL menu long before this so the *piece de resistance* a few minutes later in the form of the "soufflé Napolitain" came as a surprise. It was a ring of molded macaroni and cheese (and a few other things) with buttered peas in the center and a grand mushroom sauce. The whole concoction was spicy and hot and better than I can possibly make it sound! . . . And as a dessert lemon pie that melted in your mouth, so ethereally delicate in texture, and orange cake almost as good.

Any form of eating out is a treat to me, but dining at Forest Lodge is something to rave about. Lucky people who are privileged to eat all of Pon Fat's excellently prepared meals. —CONSTANT EATER

+ + +

When the bells chime noon tomorrow Anne Walcott will become the bride of George Hopps III at St. John's Chapel, Del Monte. Miss Walcott is the daughter of the late Louise Walcott of Carmel and since last January she has been on the nursing staff of the Monterey Peninsula Community Hospital. The bridegroom, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hopps II of San Francisco, is on the staff of La Playa Hotel. On their return from a wedding trip the couple will live at the hotel.

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Humane Society Announces Fees For Members To Help Swell Budget

A program for work on the Animal Shelter, and for the betterment of the work done by the Peninsula Humane Society, has been given out by Guy S. Curtis, superintendent of the county organization and vice-president of the local group. The program, which re-states the work which has already been done since the reorganization campaign started last January, calls for several additions to the present building on David avenue, particularly a work room in which to handle incoming dogs and cats more humanely, and a new gas chamber for putting unwanted animals to sleep, and also a new ambulance. The old one has been in use for eight years and the upkeep is found to be too expensive.

Approximately $4000 a year is needed by the Society to carry out the 1937-38 program and continue the upkeep of the Shelter. Of that amount, the tri-city combination, which is served by the Shelter and the Society, has been allotting $1200, (Monterey, $600; Pacific Grove, $400; and Carmel, $200) but the cities are expected to increase their allotment next year. Each of the three cities has also authorized the Society to collect all dog licenses and retain this money for Shelter use.

In order to make up the difference a new scale of memberships has been suggested: Ordinary Yearly Membership at $1; Special Yearly, $5; Contributing Yearly, $10; Sustaining Yearly, $25; Junior Life Membership, $50 and Senior Life Membership, $100.

B. J. Pardee, city manager of Monterey, is president of the county board and Mrs. Millicent Sears is secretary.

+ + +

Two-car families in Carmel take two Cymbals. And for the same reason.

CARMEL THEATRE
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Saturday, September 25
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Barton MacLane in
Draegerman Courage

Sun., Mon., Tues., Sept. 26, 27, 28
Shirley Temple and McLaglen
WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wednesday, September 29
Warren William & Mady Correll
MIDNIGHT MADONNA
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Thurs. Sept. 30—Fri. Oct. 1
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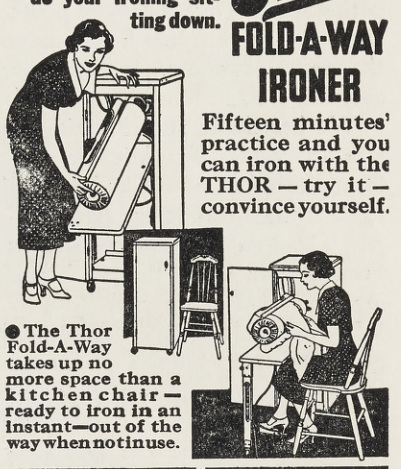

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Well, of All Things, Still Another Fire Zone Ordinance Is Drafted

We may have an ordinance describing and designating fire zones in the city of Carmel—at least, Councilman Clara Kellogg hopes so.

She expressed this hope at the meeting of the council Wednesday night when, for the fifth time within the past three months, she voted on such an ordinance.

This fire zone ordinance business is one of the silliest affairs in the rather silly history of the present city council. It is not only silly, it has cost considerable money to date and still hasn't reached the point of actual existence.

Look at the record:

On July 7 of this year the council, with Miss Kellogg voting against it, adopted an ordinance creating two fire zones in Carmel, one including the business district and the other the residential district. The ordinance was passed to print and duly printed in the *Pine Cone* on July 16 and July 23, and duly charged for at the rate of 39 cents an inch for the 21 inches, or $7.19 for the total. In addition, Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, ordered 200 printed slips of the said printed ordinance for which the *Pine Cone* collected $1.55, making a total of $8.74 for the printing of that ordinance.

It should be borne in mind that at the very time this ordinance was passed and printed the council was considering the adoption of a building code which contained provisions and designations for fire zones.

On August 10, after Argyll Campbell had resigned as city attorney, Councilman Bernard Rowntree brought in a little fire zone ordinance of his own, drafted and typed by himself.

This increased the fire zones to three, providing for more modified specifications as to fire-resistance in building on the outer fringe of the business district. This ordinance was given first reading, all members of the council voting for it.

Then City Attorney (pardon us) City Clerk Saidee Van Brower found a flaw in it and on the agreement of Councilman Rowntree rewrote the thing.

The next night, August 11, the council voted to withdraw the ordinance given first reading on the previous night and gave first reading, all voting aye, on the Van Brower-corrected ordinance.

Everything looked bright then and the newspapers on the following Friday duly recorded that we had a fire zone ordinance virtually fledged and ready to fly the nest.

But nothing more happened. There was no second reading and passage of this ordinance. It was whispered about the council chamber that "we'll have to get some legal opinion on it."

This was done. So, on September 14, last week, a new, nicely-drawn, blue-backed ordinance, emanating from the law offices of Hudson, Martin & Ferrante, was presented and read by the city clerk in its entirety. It was given first reading and, if you remember, last Friday morning THE CYMBAL again took a chance and announced that "Now we have a fire zone ordinance ready to try its wings."

But we were wrong. You just can't apply routine journalistic methods to that city council.

Came this Wednesday—and a new fire zone ordinance. It was read in its entirety by the city clerk. It sounded swell. To those outside the railing it sounded just like the one of the week previous. But it wasn't. It was a new one, a new one drawn up nicely and again nicely blue-backed by Hudson, Martin & Ferrante. It corrected something in last week's ordinance. It was given first reading.

Now, say we, a fire zone ordinance is about to fly the nest—but we aren't sure. It must have its second reading and final passage next Wednesday night, and anything might happen to it before then.

So, by the time the *Pine Cone* bookkeeper gets through with this fire zone ordinance, and sufficient legal service of Hudson, Martin & Ferrante are expended on it, it's going to cost Carmel a pretty penny. The *Pine Cone* doesn't print and re-print ordinances for nothing, and Hudson, Martin & Ferrante don't draft and re-draft them for nothing.

CARMEL CAPERS

Carmel is a very difficult place in which to work. Even to write these few lines so indispensably a part of the weekly literary fare of a devoted, if undiscriminating, public has required a great effort of will and the closing of our not easily disciplined mind to innumerable possibilities of play.

As we sit here trying to be strong, we can hear that it is a particularly gentle surf and we could well be riding long, cool waves to shore. Or sitting on the rocks watching the varied and colorful forms of sea-life going about their simple daily rites, allowing lovely lines of poetry, fostered by the sea-rhythm, to drift through our consciousness and thinking how fine it would be if they would automatically crystallize into printed words on paper. Truly, this is a place to inspire artistic creation; it is only the incidental physical and mechanical effort which is difficult.

We could at this moment be riding one of Jim's fiery steeds through the Pebble Beach woods or loitering pleasantly about the stables and watching that same old maestro presenting an unsuspecting tenderfoot with some poor half-dead piece of horse-flesh and making him appear a fine spirited animal by means of a few deft and surreptitiously administered pushes, plus superb Irish eloquence. What matter if the beast fall asleep once outside the stables. The rider still has had his money's worth in pure entertainment and showmanship.

Surely we would not lack sufficient energy to be lying in the sun and getting very brown in order to impress our ignorant city friends who consider a good tan irrefutable evidence of great athletic accomplishments and fervor.

We could be sauntering, with a roving reportorial eye up Ocean avenue; presently we would see our dear editor scurrying about, popping in and out of stores on numberless errands incidental to the editing of this mighty organ.

Surely we could appraise at a glance and would soon be informed as to who had stayed up the night before to close up the various bars here and in Monterey.

It would be a rare morning if we were to miss old John Catlin sitting in the sun and reminiscing at length about the Carmel that was, or Ray Burns smiling through a somewhat be-clouded early-morning brain . . . Or Bobby Smith, resplendent, as ever, with scarves, handkerchiefs and checks and wondering where he could have left his little four-wheeled-palace-of-sin the previous night.

Here we have filled a complete column with what, if this were not a family newspaper, could be deftly described by the use of one fine Anglo-Saxon monosyllable. We remind ourselves of certain of our friends who write long letters composed of explanations of why they have not written sooner, interminable accounts of how there is really no news and nothing to say, and endless perorations concerning why they must close now and can't write more because of this and that . . . May you find it ever in your hearts to forgive us.

—LIBBY LEY

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RUG-WEAVING CLASS STARTS AT NEW MONTEREY CENTER

Under the sponsorship of the Recreation project of the WPA a rug-weaving class has been started in the Community Center in New Monterey. The instructors are Mrs. Anna B. Thompson and Mrs. Helen Slater. Students are expected to furnish their own materials for their own rugs but the looms and the instruction are free. The class meets every Thursday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock.

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GEYER'S "BY CANDLELIGHT" OFFERED BY KUSTER

Siegfried Geyer's "By Candlelight" will open the winter play season at the Golden Bough Theater in San Francisco under the direction of Ted Kuster. Opening night is a week from tonight, Friday, October 1.

\+ + +

Lytton Hitchcock and Elizabeth Chandler, both of Carmel, trotted over to Salinas to get their marriage license this week.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Sorry, no column this week—under the weather with bronchitis.

—FRANK L.

\+ + +

The wedding of Virginia Wilson and Leo Merle, Jr., will take place at high noon tomorrow at the Carmel Mission. The couple are from San Francisco and the wedding will be attended by immediate members of the family only. The ceremony will be followed by a breakfast at Del Monte. A champagne breakfast with all the trimmings. The couple plan to take a short motor trip and then return to San Francisco where they have taken an apartment on Jackson street.

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Women Voters Hear Miss Goldman Tell of World's War-Breeding Spots

Speaking on the subject, "Centers of International Tension," at the first luncheon meeting of the season of the Monterey County League of Women Voters at Pine Inn Wednesday, Miss Beatrice Goldman specified and defined the six plague spots of war-breeding in the world today: Palestine, Jugoslavia, India, the Far East, Central Europe and the Mediterranean and Spain.

Treating her talk as merely a cursory diagnosis of a sick patient, Miss Goldman declared the afflicted one quite healthy in its Western Hemisphere but broken out in a serious rash all over its Eastern side. Of the first three affected areas she spoke only briefly. Palestine, she said, held the danger of concerted action on the part of aggrieved Arabs, possibly resulting in an Islamic religious war. With Italy's mouth continually watering over the Dalmatian Coast, the plight of Jugoslavia is a constant factor of uncertainty. India, now dormant and apparently docile, holds in its massive center the seed of many a disaffection.

Of a more serious measure of concern is the Far East. Miss Goldman outlined the history of the increasingly mounting tension between Japan and China from Japan's occupancy of Seoul in 1894 and the retrocession of Liao-Tung which was forced on her then by Russia, France and Germany, through the signing of the Nine Power Pact to the bombing of Shanghai, Nanking and Canton during these last weeks. The more significant factors implicit in the present situation were recited; Japan's need for raw materials and markets; the helplessness of her peace-loving people under the military; the allure of North China's 80,000,000 man-power; its fertile lands and mineral wealth for the big business bloc. In assuming a "punitive expedition" into China, Miss Goldman asserted Japan had got herself between the devil and the deep sea. She had not counted on China's sturdy resistance nor the alignment of Chiang Kai Chek with Russia, his old enemy. Now Japan cannot go back and save face, nor can she go forward without encountering Russia.

In this welter of affairs, Miss Goldman reminded her audience that the United States has investments in China totalling $200,000,000; in Japan twice that. Our 1936 sell to China was $47,000,000; to Japan $204,000,000. (The reason we hear of Japanese investment less, Miss Goldman says, is that big business is in China and big business is vocal. In Japan the investors are smaller fry for the most part and less articulate.)

As soon as we take any action in the matter, such as invoking our neutrality laws, the speaker said, we will then be recognizing a war, which at the moment is undeclared and may end at any moment. It is not a responsibility we dare take in full. Also, any drastic action on our part might precipitate a blockade so strict as to endanger American shipping. So, in spite of some disagreement on the issues—such as the treatment of our nationals—caution seems the better part of statesmanship; at least at the moment. If Japan is able to set up her puppet state in China, as she now hopes . . . well?

But what of Britain, who has billions in the Far East? The answer to that is, Central Europe. Dominantly, Germany. Germany is coveting Austria, the Polish Corridor, and Czechoslovakia; wishes to smash the Little Entente and rule the Baltic bloc. She would even repatriate the German Swiss. Dictatorships becoming what they are and Communism what it is, there is even talk of a rapprochement between Germany and Russia!

The festering sore right now, though, is Spain, where an international war is already in progress. When Germany and Italy try to collect their little plums from Generalissimo Franco, is he coming across? When will England be ready to resist? Are the Germans already suspicious enough of the Italians to do a volte face? Is there any hope that the opposition of oppressed people will shortly begin to raise havoc with the dictatorships? If there is sign of this latter, Miss Goldman thinks there would be grave danger, since any dictator would rather create a general holocaust for a funeral pyre than be decapitated by his own people.

Besides the physical spots of her patient, Miss Goldman mentioned the conflict of social ideologies now raging everywhere. With the screws being applied by Hitler and Mussolini to big business and the Communists to some extent recanting, it looks now like a war between the democracies and all the proponents of the totalitarian state and its relations. "Can the world live half slave and half free?" A dismal diagnosis indeed, and, though Miss Goldman said she had twinges of good old pragmatic American optimism at times, she felt a good deal like Pop who was also optimistic, but who, on being questioned about his glumness, said he wasn't sure his optimism was justified.

At the business meeting immediately preceding the luncheon, the following delegates were appointed to attend the State Conference of the League to be held at the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, October 7 and 8: Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, Mrs. John P. Sandholdt, Mrs. Forrest Paul and Mrs. C. A. T. Cabaniss.

The luncheon meeting was the first to be presided over by the local League's new president, Miss Lydia Weld, and was excellently attended. Miss Goldman is a teacher at the Hollister Junior High School and was leader of a discussion group at the Mills College Institute of International Relations.

—L. S.

+ + +

Mrs. Dudley Kinsell entertained a group of 18 at luncheon and bridge at Forest Lodge last Tuesday afternoon. Prizes at the tables were bottles of French perfume to be clasped firmly in hand as the winning guests took the broken stone path from the Lodge back to their cars.

DOG DAYS AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Pelius Reamer is the only villager who regrets the passing of summer and with it the summer visitors—especially the ones who came on Sundays. *Pelius'* favorite playground is the crescent beach at the Point, near his home—the beach that is also a favorite spot with picnickers. Every Sunday, bright and early, *Pelius* would go down to the crescent beach and look over the picnickers and select the group that gave promise of having the best lunch. Then in his ingratiating way, he would make friends and, inevitably, be invited to lunch.

But now few people come to the Point, only those who want to gather shells or look at sunsets, so *Pelius* sits alone with his memories, like the day the Italian family brought six steaks, and that family from San Jose—

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An interesting metamorphosis is that of *Bonnie* Smith, the butterfly who turned inta a homebody. *Bonnie* was a playgirl until she met up with little *Donaldbain* Macbeth. He was so young and helpless that *Bonnie* decided that he needed to be "mothered" and she, being a woman of some experience, was the one to do it. The little fellow appealed to the best in her and brought out her maternal instincts so that she gave up her carefree life with her master, Bob Smith, and became a devoted guardian to her little ward. No more night life for *Bonnie,* she spends her evenings at home by the fire with *Donaldbain.*

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Miscan Fraser has just had her portrait painted (pink bow and all) by Ellen Brown who does those clever dog portraits.

+

Gilda von Erinburg Sears hopes that the old adage about three being a crowd is just an old adage. She has been away from the home of her master, Dick Sears, for several months and when she returned yesterday, she found, to her great surprise, that there was a new chatelaine at the Sears establishment. As *Gilda* has been the only woman in Dick's life for a long time, she doesn't know whether or not she will like having to share the honors with a new mistress.

+

Little did *Gold Dust* Swalwell dream, when he visited Carmel last winter with his three charming sisters, *Carmencita, Camilla,* and *Swingtime,* that one day his young son, *Kussie,* would make this his home. But such is the fact, and young *Kussie* has come all the way from Everett, Washington, to live with Schatzi and Gretchen Herron. He says that Carmel is just as nice as his father said it was.

+

A PROUD BOAST

I never barked when out of season
I never bit without a reason:
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wronged by force or fraud another.
Though brutes are placed a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so!

—BLACKLOCK

+ + +

Mrs. Karl Rendtorff was hostess to a group of friends who gathered at her home last week for a tea in honor of Mrs. Mabel Turner, whose wedding will be on the fall calendar.

Shirley To Play "Wee Willie" at Carmel Theatre

Two hundred "Hindus" and "Afghans" were wrapped up in 6,000 feet of vari-colored muslin from the property department of 20th Century-Fox for the film "Wee Willie Winkie" which will show at the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, September 26, 27 and 28. No, they weren't dressed up like mummies, the yardage was for turbans to add to

the colorful costuming of the picture. *Wee Willie,* taking liberties with Rudyard Kipling's story in fact rather than spirit, is played by Shirley Temple. Shirley, all dressed in a fine Highlander uniform, becomes a "soldier of the Queen" for the picture.

"One-Take Temple," as the child star is known in the film capital because of her ability to do it right the first time, has exciting adventures around the British military outpost of which her grandfather is commanding officer. Up to mischief and trouble most of the time, she makes up for misdeeds by joining the forces of the rebel chieftain and the British soldiers in a bond of peace. The cast includes Victor McLaglen as the tough but warm-hearted trooper who puts Shirley through her paces, June Lang, Michael Whalen, C. Aubrey Smith and Cesar Romero.

+ + +

Marian Adams, long gone from Carmel on a jaunt through Central Europe, is expected home this week-end. Marian will be back in the Corner Cupboard, waving to friends through the big windows and so excited she can hardly talk. Well . . . hardly . . .

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BILL COMES IN FOR BOOKS IN SHAFF'S NEW CITY SYSTEM

(Continued from Page One)

the other funny angle, Miss Van Brower may decide that she doesn't want them and that she won't have them.

That would put the city council members in what might be called a pecuniary pickle. They have authorized the installation of Shaff's accounting system and they have authorized the purchase of the books.

But they can't authorize the installation of an accounting system for the city clerk, nor can they authorize the purchase of books for her. That has been admitted by councilmen after their attention has been called to it.

So, if Miss Van Brower refuses to accept the accounting system and refuses to accept the books, there's the little matter of $88.05 hanging out on a limb. Perhaps a good lawyer, representing the Shaff Brothers, could add to this sum a portion of the "accounting system" charge made by the auditors and held up by Miss Van Brower. In that case, we might have something like $200 out on the limb.

If you divide $200 by five you get $40. Forty dollars out of the pocket of five public servants, who slipped up on their authority, would make quite a dent in their Christmas joy, severally and collectively.

Maybe the taxpayers should pay it. They don't pay council members anything. It would hardly be fair to assess them something for being councilmen — even erring councilmen.

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CERCLE FRANCAIS TO MEET NEXT TUESDAY

Cercle Francais will meet at the home of Mme. Pirenne on Dolores and Ninth next Tuesday, September 28, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Mme. Pirenne will discuss the *Belge Dynastie,* a topic about which she is well informed. The relation of the Belgian king, Leopold I, to England has been a subject of great speculation and will be dealt with in the discussion.

Red Cross Call To Be Led By Mrs. Trevvett

Mrs. S. A. Trevvett has accepted the chairmanship of the campaign organization for Red Cross Call and will begin immediately to build the organization.

Mrs. Trevvett has been identified with Red Cross activities for many years in Cleveland and other eastern cities and after coming to Carmel has served on the Governing Board and Executive Committee. Under her leadership, a strong local personnel will be pledged for the forthcoming campaign.

The roll call begins as usual on Armistice Day, November 11, and continues until Thanksgiving.

Under a ruling of American Red Cross, Carmel Chapter cannot become identified with the Community Chest and therefore must conduct its own campaign. Our local chapter differs from most chapters in the nation, as, aside from taking care of veteran's relief it is the only agency in the Carmel district that has a definite program of family relief and individual rehabilitation.

The budget committee of the Chapter will shortly determine the goal for this year's campaign.

Last year, 728 memberships were obtained during roll call and the chairman will make an earnest effort to increase that number in November. For the past three years Carmel has led the chapters in California in number of members compared to population and it still wants to stay at the top.

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LA COLLECTA CLUB HEARS REVIEW OF BOOK

La Collecta club members were the guests of Mrs. Cora Newton at their meeting at the home of Mrs. D. E. Nixon on September 15. There were 16 members present. The book, "Neighbor by the Sky," by Gladys Carrol, was reviewed by Mrs. C. F. Haskell. Two birthdays were celebrated—those of Mrs. A. D. Crouch and Mrs. Inez Warren.

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Mrs. Myrtle R. Stoddard will entertain friends at a house-warming at her new parlor, bath and sink on Camino Del Monte Sunday night.

THINGS TO COME

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MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9 p.m. Matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, Edward G. Robinson and Luli Deste in "Thunder in the City." Sunday and Monday, Anna Sten and Henry Wilcoxon in "Two Who Dared" and Robert Benchley in "How to be a Detective." Tuesday and Wednesday, "Yellow Cruise." Thursday only, "Amphitryon."

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, William Powell and Luise Rainer in "The Emperor's Candlesticks." Saturday, Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert in "The Singing Marine" and Barton MacLane in "Draegerman Courage." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen in "Wee Willie Winkie." Wednesday, Warren William and Mady Correll in "Midnight Madonna" and Bank Nite. Thursday and Friday, Franchot Tone and Virginia Bruce in "Between Two Women" and Jane Wyman and Dick Purcell in "Public Wedding."

ADULT EDUCATION

Pottery and Woodwork. Sunset School Shop. Mondays 7 to 9 p.m. Dressmaking and Homemaking, Sunset School lunch room, Thursdays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Rhythmical Exercises, Sunset School Gymnasium, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Photography, Sunset School Music Room, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Classes in bookbinding, Life drawing, Portrait drawing, Commercial work, Shop, Music, Recreation, Swimming and Americanization at Monterey Union High School. For further information call Monterey 6980. No entrance fee.

MUSIC

Marjorie Legge Wurzmann. Piano concert at Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova between Eight and Ninth, Tuesday evening, September 28, at 8:15 p.m. Tickets at Staniford's.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at the Girl Scout House, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. Group readings of Shakespearean plays, act by act, with a final public reading. Visitors and readers welcome. A fee of 10 cents is made to defray expenses of the group.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

MEETINGS

Cercle Francais. Tuesday afternoon, September 28 at home of Mme. Pirenne, Dolores and Ninth at 4 o'clock. Discussion of Belgian Dynasty.

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What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

TWO BEDROOM HOUSE. Two baths. Maid's room. Marine view. Near the beach. Completely furnished. $5500. Could not be duplicated at this price. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor, Ocean and Lincoln, Phone Carmel 98.

HOUSE FOR SALE (Furnished). At a great sacrifice. In fine condition. Situated on large half-acre lot. Beautiful view of Ocean and Point Lobos. Three bedrooms, attractively furnished—large fireplace, floor furnace and electric heaters; sewer, low taxes. A personal inspection will convince you this is a bargain.
DEL MONTE PROPERTIES CO. Ocean and Dolores Street, Carmel. Phone 1200.

$4000 COTTAGE—South of Ocean Avenue in good section for home or renting—2 bedrooms—fully furnished. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue.

NEW HOUSE FOR SALE—Just completed. Modern. Steel casement windows, hardwood floors. F.H.A. loan. Fine residential section. Two bedrooms and one bath. Requires only $1000.00 cash, balance of $4750.00 payable in 17 years at low interest rates.
DEL MONTE PROPERTIES CO. Ocean and Dolores Street, Carmel. Phone 1200.

SMALL HOTEL. Near beach. Lot, 90 x 100. Address P. O. Box 1985, Carmel, or call Carmel 82 for particulars.

COTTAGE IN 80 ACRES—Well-built, 2 bedroom cottage on lot 60 x100 ft. Fine location for home or renting. Fully furnished. Price for quick sale $4000. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue.

LOT FOR SALE—Best buy in Carmel $400.00. Easy terms; in restricted high-class residential section. Close in. Gas, electricity and water.
DEL MONTE PROPERTIES CO. Ocean and Dolores Street, Carmel. Phone 1200.

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT—Unusually cheerful 3-room furnished cottage. Newly decorated. Abundant electric lights. Sunny location. 5-minutes walk from P.O. Tel. 1424.

SMALL COTTAGE to rent from October 1 to November 15. See Mrs. F. E. Lloyd, San Carlos, below 13th.

FOR RENT—To one or two adults. Charming modern cottage with garage. Phone 799 or 931.

FOR RENT—Sunny, comfortably furnished room. Close in. Gas heater. Garage. Light housekeeping. Phone Carmel 1005 or write P. O. Box 416, Carmel.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—comfortable furnished apartment—close in. Address Box L-13, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

WANTED—Small cottage or apartment, low rental, for good tenant. Must be warm. Notify Box 178, Carmel.
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—Someone to take space in attractive shop. Good location on Ocean avenue, Carmel. Address Box 1503, or telephone 23-J after 5:30 p.m.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. tf

MASSAGE

IDA HANKE, MASSEUSE, has moved from La Giralda Building to the corner of 8th and Lincoln street, at Sutton Place. Phone 832 for appointment. Will go out on calls at any time. (tf)
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRACTICAL NURSE—Night or day. Will go anywhere. Tel. 554-J or P. O. Box 1814. (16)

LOOK AT THIS!—For sale, 4-cylinder Chevrolet. Excellent brakes, tires, motor, paint, etc. Will do Carmel Hill in high—easily. $22.57. Phone Carmel 1404-J. (tf)
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

WANTED—Elderly lady or woman needing some care, to share quiet home. Breakfast given if desired. Phone 832. (tf)

TRY MME. PIRENNE'S fresh berry jelly at Sun Deck Poultry shop on 7th Street. Ask your grocer for Amber Marmalade or telephone order. Mme. Pirenne 354-W.

WOULD GIVE nine months' rent of an apartment in exchange for the building of a sun porch and shower. Address Box L-14, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have considerable on the ball.

When an advertiser wants to reach all Carmel buyers with one coverage, he uses The Cymbal.

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56-INCH DRESS WOOLENS
Including Angoras, Crepes, Homespuns
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$1.95 to $3.45 a yard

56-INCH COATINGS
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$2.45 to $3.45 a yard

54-INCH CREPE "NORMA"
Popular Colors of this Excellent All-Wool Dress Crepe
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56-INCH COATINGS
Heavy, All-Wool
$1.95 a yard

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CARMEL
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DINNER
Liquor . . . if you like

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Traffic control for San Carlos street in front of the school building seems to be well in hand. Chief of Police Norton is in charge of directing traffic and safeguarding the children going to and from school and he is ably assisted by the school traffic squad, captained by Jimmie Kelsey. The squad, which stands in readiness every school morning at 8:30 and closes its day at 3:40, includes the following boys picked for their reliability and cooperation: Gordy Miyamoto, Bill Plein, Arleigh Gearing, Tony Ragoza, Bill Christierson, Bob Morton, Dick Pelton, Harry Warrington, Bill Goss, Jack Bradley, Bob Holm, Richard Whitmer, Howard Levinson, Don Morton, and Gordon Stoddard. Substitutes are: Dick Rohr, Don Pennell, Emil Passailaique, Fred Noller, Bradley Quinn, George Atherton, John Morell, Jimmie Heisinger, Jack Gansel, Tommy Leach, Bob Gansel, Louie Machado, Hans Sappok and George Moller.

Two boys are on duty each week.

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Student body elections, held last Tuesday, were not cleared up until late yesterday afternoon in the case of student body secretary which was a tie vote between Patricia Shepard and Marilyn Strassburger. Howard Levinson was elected president, Jimmy Welsh, vice-president, and Emil Passailaique, business manager.

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The annual teachers' picnic was held Wednesday evening at the Indian Village on the Drive. The eating end of the party was under the supervision of Alice Graham, assisted by Hope Thomas, Mrs. Helen Poulsen and Ernest Calley.

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Pupils of the Fourth grade at Sunset School gave a vacation program in the school auditorium for members of the Fifth through the Eighth grades and a few parents. In the form of a play members of the class told of their vacation experiences. Mrs. Frances Farley is the Fourth grade teacher.

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"The Last Wilderness," a talking picture of wild animals and their habitats in the high Rockies in the state of Wyoming, will be shown at Sunset School Auditorium this afternoon at 2:30. The picture was taken by Howard Hill, world's greatest archer and hunter with bow and arrow. Parents are invited to attend. Admission for adults is 15 cents; children 10 cents.

+

Badminton and ping-pong tournaments started last Monday with four contestants playing off in each event each noon-hour. The ping-pong tables are set up in the lunch room and the badminton court is in the school gymnasium. We should be ready for some championship playing in another month or so.

+

By arrangement with the Park and Playground Commission the municipal tennis courts in Carmel will be used by the pupils of Sunset School on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 3 to 4:30 p.m. About 35 children have signed up for the classes which will be under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Perry.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Raas of Palo Alto have been visiting at the George Coblentz home in Carmel.

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Gussie Meyer and her nephew, Jimmy Meyer, left last Saturday for a motor trip to St. Louis via the National Park route. From St. Louis Miss Meyer will continue on her trip alone, going to New York and Florida.

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The little white figurine of the child standing on tip-toe with arms outstretched in the window of Jewell's Flower Shop on Dolores street is one of the many reproductions of an original by Herman Kern's sister, Josephine, which is called "The Good Fairy."

HATS *Engracia*

FEATURING THE NEW VELVETS

Lincoln bet. Ocean & Seventh

Mildred Sahlstrom Wright

Violinist

announces opening of her

NEW STUDIO

On Santa Fe Three Doors North of Sixth Carmel

Fall Classes Begin October 2

Telephone 1136-J

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296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY

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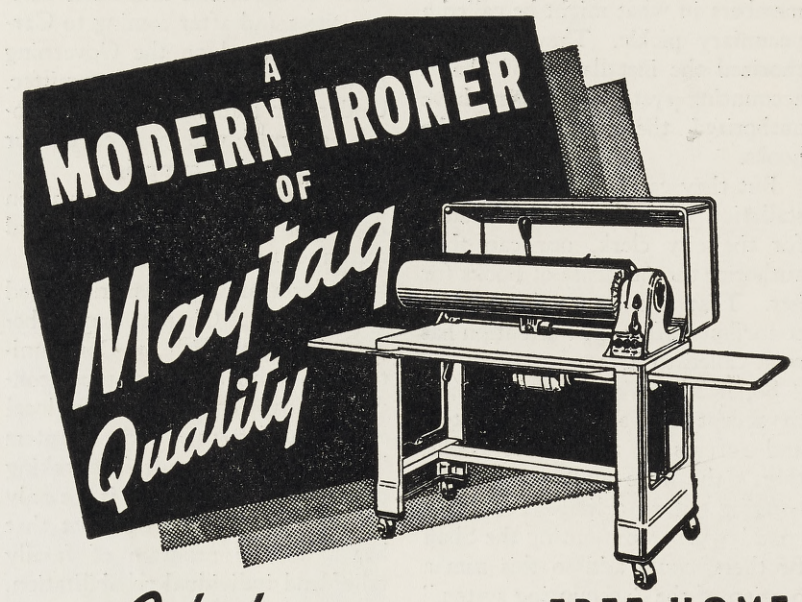

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